

# The Sketch

No. 1212—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



HERE WITH "THE BING BOYS," AT THE ALHAMBRA; MISS ODETTE MYRTIL.

The new Alhambra revue, "The Bing Boys Are Here," is due for production to-night (April 19). It is by Messrs. George Grossmith and Fred Thompson, after Messieurs Rip and Bousquet's "Les Fils Touffe." The music is by Mr. Nat G. Ayer; and there are sketches, caricatures, and miniatures of melody by Messrs. Eustace Ponsonby, Philip Braham, and Ivor Novello. The cast includes Messrs.

George Robey and Alfred Lester as the Bing Boys; Mr. Jack Morrison; Miss Violet Lorraine; Miss Odette Myrtil; Miss Maidie Andrews; and Miss Phyllis Monkman. Miss Myrtil, it will be recalled, has been at the Alhambra before; when, described as "La Rose du Boulevard," she appeared as a Parisian "Apache artiste," accompanying her own songs and dance.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



## CONCERNING WEDDINGS: BRIDES-TO-BE—AND A BRIDE.



MARRIED TO LIEUTENANT R. C. HEWITT:  
MISS B. CHRISTIAN.



ENGAGED TO MR. JORGEN DE WICHFELD:  
MISS MONICA MASSY-BERESFORD.



TO MARRY MR. DENNETT ANNESLEY  
EDLIN: MISS IRIS HILLMAN.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT J. A. BLACK  
MISS NONA MOSTYN WATKINS.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JOHN SAND-  
FORD DOBSON: MISS VIOLET DIBBLE.



ENGAGED TO SURGEON A. G. MCKEE,  
R.N.: MISS DOROTHY CHARRIER.



TO MARRY COMMANDER  
D. M. DAVY, R.N.: MISS  
MARGARET TALLENTS.



TO MARRY MR. MAURICE  
L. WALLER: MISS  
DOROTHY VARWELL.



TO MARRY MR. FRANCIS JAMES FRAN-  
CILLON: MISS WINIFRED G. R. GORDON.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN ROBERT PRIOLEAU:  
MISS MADGE SUMMERS.

Miss Christian's marriage to Lieutenant R. C. Hewitt, R.A.M.C., took place on April 15.—Miss Massy-Beresford is daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Massy-Beresford. Mr. de Wichfeld is Hon. Attaché to the Danish Legation.—Miss Hillman is daughter of Mrs. Hillman, Hove. Mr. Edlin is in the Connaught Rangers.—Miss Watkins is daughter of the late Rev. Charles Watkins, Vicar of Hinton Charterhouse. Lieutenant Black, Machine Gun Corps, is son of Mrs. Black, Edinburgh.—Miss Dibble is daughter of Major H. Dibble, late 7th Hussars. Lieutenant Dobson is son of the late Mr. Alfred Dobson, C.M.G.—Miss Charrier is daughter of the late Major

P. A. Charrier. Surgeon McKee is son of the late Rev. James McKee and Mrs. Allen, Belfast.—Miss Tallents is daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. G. W. Tallents, and grand-daughter of Lord Ashcombe. Commander Davy is son of Mr. H. S. Davy, Somerlaze, Frome.—Miss Varwell is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Varwell, Chagford. Mr. Waller is one of H.M. Commissioners of Prisons.—Miss Gordon is daughter of Major and Mrs. J. W. Gordon. Mr. Francillon, Royal Fusiliers, is son of Mr. H. J. Francillon, Dursley.—Miss Summers is daughter of Mr. E. W. B. Summers, Haverfordwest. Captain Prioleau, Rifle Brigade, is son of Major W. L. Prioleau.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, and 9 by Swaine; No. 3, by Vandyk; No. 7, by Kate Pragnell; No. 10, by Val l'Estrange.



## A FRIEND OF PRINCESS MARY; AND A Q.M.N.G. WORKER.



A DÉBUTANTE THIS YEAR, HAD THERE BEEN NO WAR: MISS ENID DUDLEY WARD.

Miss Enid Dudley Ward is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, her studies; further, she works at Friary Court, the headquarters of Queen Mary's and a niece of Lord Esher. She is a great friend of Princess Mary, and shares Needlework Guild. She was born in 1897.

Photograph by Yevonde.





"So then, Flappers, oyez, oyez, oyez!"

I know 'tis done, but I don't know how 'tis done! The women who go in for it call it war economy, and their husbands say it's d—readfully expensive; upon which the wives retort that one must buy experience, and that, if only their particular hens were not so perverse as to refuse laying just when eggs are up in price, all would be well. And I, whom no one consults on the matter, say *in petto* that, if one must buy experience, it might be cheaper to buy eggs after all! But those who really are interested in backyard magic had better consult the new keeperess at the "Zoo." She is easily recognisable by her art-linen overall of a rustic green. This detail so that in your thirst for knowledge and hunger for home-laid omelette you should not go and button-hole some other neophyte who might also be hovering above the hen-hutch.

But this is digression—where were we? Oh, yes, in your garden—if you have one, that is. Don't make a "Zoo" of it, but lend it for a Dears' Park in which to entertain convalescent officers on Sunday afternoon during the summer (I was going to say Season through force of habit, but does not "Season" sound silly now?). It's not my idea, you know, but that of the ever-kind London actresses. It is such a topping notion that I think all the town people should be asked what they can produce as regards gardens. The movement is called the Actresses' Garden Club, it has a long list of big patrons, and the membership (authorising one to give you a cup of tea, and a chat, and a smile, and a cushion, or, if you are strong enough, to be beaten at tennis by you), the membership will be one guinea for the season of thirteen Sundays (the management is not superstitious, evidently!). The club will open on May 7, and continue throughout the months of May, June, and July. What do you think of it? How would you like to loll lazily under the shade, while pretty stage-stars at their sweetest and in summer dresses served you with home-made refreshments? For I have not told you that another aim of the Actresses' Garden Club is to provide free training for women in baking and confectionery. I don't see why Englishwomen could not make as good *pâtisserie* as German and Austrian men, and take the cake too! But, of course, you will be able to tell. And just one word to the good people with gardens in or near London. Don't send your "plot" and plans to me, but to Janette Steer, Actresses' Garden Club, 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.

The other day I was at a tea at the Savoy Hotel given to wounded soldiers. These teas are jolly fortnightly affairs, and anyone who pays one guinea may be hostess to ten men. Marie Lloyd was among the artists who entertained them, and her big soft heart was so affected by the sight of their bandages that when she came off she cried heavy, round, holy, and koholy tears. The Tommies, who love her and whom she had just made laugh, were quite pleased at being cried over, and a whole bunch of them crowded round and comforted Marie. It struck me that this was the greatest compliment she has ever received. As a rule, when Woman cries, then Man flies!

It has been proposed that a League should be formed of Women who are willing to marry disabled men-soldiers. To me such a

# PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

## EASTER EGGS AND HOME-LAID OMELETTE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

WAIT a moment, Camarades, will you? I first want to have a little talk with my civilian readers. Who among you, Londoners, have got a garden, a nice garden, not too small, with shade and shrubs and a lawn? No, I am not going to urge you converting it into a hen-paddock, or a hare-park, or a beehive, or an ostrich-farm either.

Society seems superfluous. So far as I can see (and I don't need spectacles yet!), there is a keen competition to secure wounded heroes—one of the prettiest women in town goes round proudly with a one-legged officer. League indeed! A League of Love! Laughable! Why, all there's to do is to leave Love alone. I suppose our ex-Apollos will be a little shy at first; but then—they always were, and surely they must guess by the warmth of our welcome that of our feelings—what! And if, in spite of obvious encouragement, you are too proud to propose—well, isn't this Leap Year?

Went to see a dress rehearsal of "Toto" the other evening at the Duke of York's. Mustn't give the show away, of course, though the play will appear before this will. This I may say, I suppose—the music is pretty, and the girls are pretty, and several of the frocks too. I couldn't judge of Toto's dresses, because there weren't any! Wait, wait: they were not ready—that's often the fate of frocks

at dress rehearsals—and so Miss Mabel Russell, who fills the principal part, had to appear in *mi-partie* white above the waist (she had kept her blouse) and black below (she danced in her short silk petticoat). And when her invisible sumptuous cloak was carefully removed from her shoulders one couldn't help thinking of the fairy-tale king who walked abroad, pompous and unashamed, in his shirt, while a crowd of courtiers carried the train of magnificent regal robes that were not there! Not that "Toto" did like the fairy-tale king; as I said, she had pretty black undies on, and such legs as no King ever had!

I am sending one of yous a ripping book I have just finished reading. It is called "The Luck of Thirteen," and relates the wanderings and flight of the plucky authors, Jan and Jo Gordon, through Montenegro and Serbia. At first the Imp, who constituted herself my nurse during my influenza, wouldn't let me read it. "Serbia," she said. "No; it is bound to be sad, and sad things are not good for sick people." But when she heard me chuckle over the book, she came and squatted on my bed, and we read it together and laughed at the funny little thumb-nail sketches (minute masterpieces by Jo). Ordinary people would have become crazy at the acute discomfort, to say the least of it,



"League . . . of Women who are willing to marry disabled men-soldiers."



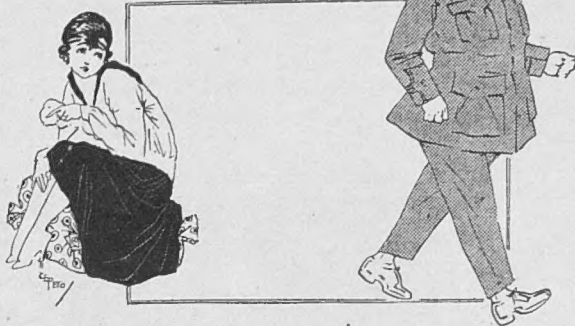
"Good luck. . . . And our Easter greetings to yous all."

those two admirable British *braves* had to endure; but it seems to have struck in them a rich mine of humour, and they worked that mine with pen and ink and paint-brush. Jan Gordon, the painter, was acting as engineer to Dr. Berry's Serbian Mission from the



Royal Free Hospital, and Jo is his wife—Cora Josephine Gordon, artist and V.A.D.

I now feel that I know Serbia as if I had been there, not by myself, but with two clever and courageous people determined not to let anything damp their ardour. For instance, yous and I—no, not yous, being heroes, but I—would have been dreadfully depressed at having to be seen on the highways, even of Serbia, in such a guise as this: "Jan used as a protection from the rain Jo's white macintosh-apron filleted round his head with a bit of string and dangling behind with a profusion of tapes and fasteners. Under his khaki great-coat, and about a foot longer, he wore a white jaconet hospital coat. Jo had a pair of roomy ski boots into which she had fitted two pairs of stockings; one had been knitted for her by a Serbian girl, and they were so thick and hard that no suspender would hold them up, so they stood, concertina-



"As a rule, when Woman cries, then Man flies!"

wise, over the boots." Heroic Jo!

This is how the Montenegrin peasantry struck Jan and Jo: "We passed many peasants, and had evidently entered the land of Venus, for each one was more beautiful than the neighbour. Since Jabliak we had not seen an ugly man or woman, and the dignity of their carriage was exceeded only by the nobleness of their features. Ugly women must be valuable in those parts, and probably marry early—humans ever prize the rare above the beautiful." What do you say?

There are in the book many very good photographs, but I found a greater joy in the descriptive pictures—this for instance: "On



"Lady Vertugadin is Sandowing with all her might."

the faint rising mist the trees seemed to stand about with their hands in their pockets, like vegetable Charlie Chaplins!"

And I know how to dance the national fox-trot.

"Next day was a Prazhnik, or feast-day, and the great square was crowded with peasantry in their beautiful hand-woven clothes. There were soldiers straight back from the lines chaffing and flirting with the pretty girls, and presently a group began to dance the 'Kola' about a man who played a pipe. It is not difficult to dance the 'Kola.' You join hands till a ring is formed, and then shuffle round and round. If you have aspirations to style, you fling your legs about as much as space will allow; and we noticed how much better the men danced than the girls, who were almost all very clumsy."

But, there, I cannot quote the whole book: read it for yourself.

Lady Vertugadin is Sandowing with all her might, and stinting herself Spartanly of sugar, comfort, and cushions. You see, she has, like a good soul, lent her car for the transport of wounded Tommies, and she hopes, by means of some deprivations and much exercise, besides walking, to be able to insert herself more easily in the ordinary taxi and even the humble 'bus. She has lost four pounds in two months, she says, which must be a great encouragement to sacrifice and decidedly pleasing to coquetterie. "But surely," I asked, "you don't mean you couldn't get into an ordinary taxi-cab?" "Oh, I can get in all right, and I am quite happy there as long as I am alone" (how people differ!), "but I just squash whoever is with me," she confided to me in the midst of her exercises. Fancy finding London taxis too narrow! Why, they are roomy enough for three—though, of course, one is much comfier when one's only two!

Lady Vertugadin is not the only one who is learning how to "foot it" gaily. An R.A.M.C. man was telling me the other day that almost everyone who has a car of some sort—from the drawing-room on wheels to a tin lizard, as they say in America—everyone is offering to lend it for the comfort of those of our wounded boys who are well enough to go to their homes when they come from the front. He says it is delightful, after walking down a dreary railway platform with a man in mud and sometimes blood-stained khaki, weary and spent, to help him into a beautiful soft and scented car, with fresh flowers in it, and mirrors reflecting the interested and grateful glances of passers-by. The other day a Tommy got flowers from one of the flower-girls at the station gate. She looked in at the window, threw in a bunch of her flowers, and said "Good luck." So say I, and our Easter greetings to yous all.



"And stinting herself Spartanly of sugar, comfort, and cushions."

It seems that London firms—confectioners, jewellers, and fancy-goods shops—are receiving orders from the front for presents to be sent in town, and those eggs are not only good "in part," but all through, the egg itself being used merely as a box containing an Easter present varying from something to eat in a moment to something to wear for ever—from chocolates to an engagement-ring! A girl I know who is a war-bride thought she would show herself original even in this everyday, banal affair of getting married. So she asked her fiancé, as he was then, to have two small stones inset inside her wedding-ring, his birth-stone and hers. The stones were faceted by a prosaic jeweller, and now she can't forget she is married, if she would! Fortunately, one generally shakes hands with the right.

Many thanks to four French, or Belgian, "Agents de Liaison" for their charming letter—in such splendid English too! It often happens that I receive such collective letters. I wonder why? Is it that I appear such a terrifying person for one single, shy male to write to all by himself?

"All four are lucky chaps," say yous, "who like England enormously. We find Britishman a loyal good sort of man, and Englishwomen seem to us such dears in the drawings of Miss Peto. We should be very glad if you could provide us with such a charming Flapper" (each?) "to correspond with, either in French or English."

So then, Flappers, oyez, oyez, oyez!

I can quite believe that you are "four lucky chaps." As I have said to yous before, Luck is spelt Pluck!

And the letter ends charmingly: "For my three light-blue friends—now yours."

"Thank you" to you, Spokesman, and to our Friends.

"Thank you" to the young Lieutenant who distinguished himself in trench theatricals, for his letter, the little blue magazine, and the black-and-white sketch he sent me. My opinion? Well, I am not an art-critic, but I think the drawing is quite clever. I have not received the photographs of the "flapper." Yes, of course, it would amuse me to see them.

To a lonely girl.—I understand, and your trust touches me very much. I cannot answer your letter in this page; perhaps you will tell me where I can write you.

I have many more messages in answer to your letters, Camarades, but I can't cram them in—à la semaine prochaine!



"There is a keen competition to secure wounded heroes."



# SMALL TALK

WORD was received last week that Captain Lord Tollemache had been wounded. "Slightly wounded," says the private report; in the printed casualty-lists no particulars are now given. Often, of course, it is hard to discriminate in the first stages as to the gravity of a wound; but in many instances some sort of qualification could be positively made, and would save a deal of anxiety and a deal of letter-writing. Seeing the name of a friend in the list, and dreading that it means something serious, like loss of sight, or hoping that it may be no more than a flesh-wound, you must pester his family for news. In the case of the announcement of a "slightly," you could simply bide your time, or send congratulations, which may be acknowledged at leisure. I am glad to hear, by the way, that Neville Lytton's injuries were not very grave, although he evidently had a close enough shave.

Mrs. Cross and  
Lord Hawke.

Lord Hawke, the captain of a champion eleven, is engaged to Mrs. Cross, a lady well known and well liked in and out of Belgrave Square. And Lord Hawke we all admire. It would take a Kipling to set down in the vernacular the good things I heard said of him one summer afternoon, years ago, in the "Pros" pavilion at Lord's. The giant Tunnicliffe was the chief speaker, but little Brown chipped in the while, with Hirst and Wainwright and Hunter for chorus. Rhodes, in his first year, and still a boy, listened in silence; but I remember how fearful he was, lest, as eleventh man, he should fail to keep his end up when his turn came to join Lord Hawke at the wicket, and so bring his captain's innings to an end.

Another Win.

"'Im marry? 'E'd as soon hug a torpedo," was a sailor's famous phrase for explaining how little the Admiral of his heart was given to thoughts of matrimony. And certainly Lord Hawke, during his cricketering years, had the name of a confirmed bachelor. His team was his family: he fathered a score of great cricketering reputations, the maidens he most admired were F. S. Jackson's "maiden overs," and a top-scorer was the only best man he ever needed.

Lord Hawke is a veteran twice over according to the conventions of the cricket field, but among ordinary men he is always reckoned as a model of fitness. The marriage takes place early in June.

One Thing in  
Common.

"A silly audience," was the verdict of a couple of Baroness d'Erlanger's poets—or rather, Miss Asquith's. In the nature of things, such a verdict was to be expected. Plump your poet down in a large Piccadilly gathering of guinea people—people who have been roped in for their guineas—and he is bound to feel that the majority of them are not particularly

keen about poetry. And even if the majority wants to listen, there are sure to be a few titters in the wrong place and a good deal of clandestine conversation. Reader and listeners have this in common: he is there, good-naturedly, in a charitable cause, and so are they.



THE BONNY SON OF A CLEVER FATHER:  
MASTER JOHN CALTHROP.

The chubby little horseman seen in our photograph is the two-year-old son of Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, the clever artist and writer, who has just produced "Kitty Mackay" at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. Dion Calthrop is the son of the late John Clayton, the famous actor, and is in the R.N.A.S.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.



A FAVOURITE TENOR IN  
KHAKI: MR. JOHN COATES.

The well-known operatic tenor, Mr. John Coates, whose voice has given so much pleasure to music-lovers, is now a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion, Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own, Yorkshire Regiment. Mr. Coates will sing in "The Messiah," at the Royal Albert Hall, on Good Friday.

Photo. by Russell and Sons.

fitable a "house" as Lady Islington, is always scoring considerable successes in the new campaign of fund-collecting. Last week she was informed by Mr. Arthur du Cros that he was ready to make himself responsible for a sum of £7000, the remainder of a large debt incurred for extensions at the London School of Medicine for Women. For some time Lady Cunard has had this matter on her mind; after raising large sums for the School last June she found subscriptions more and more difficult to get in. Now, without any further cheque, the thing is accomplished.

Promotion.

The Duchess of Montrose, Mrs. Charles Burn, Lady de l'Isle and Dudley, Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, and Mrs. Warneford are all newly gazetted as Ladies of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem—that is to say, they have received their commissions as Second Lieutenants in the Order. Lady Jekyll, in getting promotion to a higher grade, follows in the steps of her husband, Sir Herbert.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. SHERWOOD-KELLY, D.S.O.: MISS NELLIE ELIZABETH CRAWFORD GREENE.

Miss Greene is the eldest daughter of the late Hon. G. H. Greene, of Indra, New South Wales. Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwood-Kelly, King's Own Scottish Borderers, was decorated by the King a few weeks ago, and has now returned to the Front.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN H. F. BRACE: MISS BEATRICE IDA FEILDEN.

Miss Feilden is the elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Feilden, of Dilhorne Hall, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Feniscowles, Lancashire. Captain Brace, 15th Hussars, is the only son of the late Mr. F. A. Brace, of Doveridge Hall, Derbyshire, and Mrs. Brace, of Cotton Hall, Derbyshire.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



# "THE BING BOYS" AND EMMA: A REHEARSAL.



PRODUCER AND THREE STARS: MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ, MR. GEORGE ROBÉY, MR. ALFRED LESTER,  
AND MR. GUS SOLKE REHEARSING FOR THE NEW ALHAMBRA REVUE.

As we note on another page, the new Alhambra revue, "The Bing Boys Are Here," is due for production to-night (April 19). Here we have some rehearsal photographs showing Mr. George Robey and Mr. Alfred Lester, the Bing Boys; Miss Violet

Lorainé, who plays Emma; and Mr. Solke, the Producer. In the first photograph Mr. Robey is at the piano, with Mr. Solke standing behind him. Mr. Alfred Lester and Miss Lorainé are on the other side of the piano.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot.")

**"Political Mania."** What is it about politics that eats into the brain and alters the whole perspective of life? What, after all, do we mean by politics? Here is the definition of my dictionary—

"The science of government; that part of ethics which consists in the regulation and government of a nation or State, for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity; political affairs, or the contests of parties for power."

There are, you will perceive, two halves of this definition. The first half is noble; the second half, ignoble. It is a noble thing to work for the preservation of the safety, peace, and prosperity of your country; it is an ignoble thing to contest for power. And, if you put the question to yourself quickly, and answer it quickly, you will admit that when we speak of politics we generally have the second half of the definition in our minds.

On the same page of my dictionary, in the very next column, I find the word "policeman." What is a policeman?

"An ordinary member of a body of police; a police officer who has to perambulate a certain beat for a fixed period to protect property, and see that the peace is kept."

A policeman, therefore, is the better sort of politician in a humbler walk of life. But the policeman has this advantage over the politician, that he never enters on a contest for power with other policemen. At least, if he does, he keeps his contesting private. And so we respect him.

## Even Wittenberg.

This learned dissertation, for which I apologise, is the direct outcome of a leader in a certain daily paper. I have often urged that the daily Press is too concerned with

politics, that the papers give to politics an undue share of their news value. Political mania flourishes in Fleet Street as well as at Westminster. The leader-writer in question must have got it very, very badly.

He began his leader with an impassioned denunciation of the Germans for the horrors of Wittenberg. His subject inspired him, as well it might, and he lashed at the Huns responsible for that never-to-be-forgotten orgy of cruelty in a fashion that set one's blood a-tingling.

"Here," said I to myself, "is an excellent leader. It voices the feelings of us all. It does honour to the paper in which it appears. It fulfils the true function of a leader. It is above all the smaller issues of every day." And then, alas! came the "moral."

And the moral was political! Can you believe it? Can you imagine anyone contriving to bracket the Wittenberg horror, on the very day of the first publication of the news, with Tariff Reform? I will not say on which side because I hold no brief for either side; but, even in this war, I have seldom been so disappointed as when I found a leader beginning with the dreadful Wittenberg affair and finishing with, of all things in the world, Tariff Reform!

No. On the whole, after due consideration, I think I would rather be a policeman than a politician.

## The Match Strike.

The Match Strike, I suppose, will all be over before these Notes get into print. That is a pity. I had dealt with the problem, so far as my household is concerned, promptly and effectively.

My domestic happiness has always threatened to split on this rock of the match-box. For some years, there were never any matches in my house. I could not think why. I often used to ask why. I used to point out, with deadly patience that must have had a withering effect, that matches can be obtained in packets of a dozen boxes from almost every shop in England. Further, that a dozen boxes cost about twopence. That it was surely better to expend twopence than to smash all the furniture and graze all the skin off one's shins. A change came over the scene. Instead of no matches, I found every table heaped with matches. There were matches on every window-sill and every mantelpiece. The house was full of matches. You could not avoid a match-box. I found matches in the bath and in my bed. I grew as sick of the sight of a match-box as did King Midas of gold.

Then came the strike. Consternation. What are we to do?

"We will make," said I, "ten thousand spills. A jet of gas will be kept going day and night. In this manner, we will manage

without matches altogether. Let the strike go on. Us it cannot hurt."

At the moment of writing, this order holds good. At the moment of publication, the horrid little boxes will once again pervade the house. Oh, Messrs. the Manufacturers, let me plead with you! If only for my sake, gentlemen, keep it up!



HIS GRACE OF THE ARMoured-CAR ACTION: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER TAKING AN EARLY MORNING STROLL ALONG A BATTERED ENTRENCHMENT.

"The armoured-cars action on March 14 under the Duke of Westminster," said a War Office account of his capture of the enemy's camp at Birwar, in Western Egypt, "was a very dashing affair." The Duke received the D.S.O. for it. The rescue of the "Tara" prisoners was a separate action, on March 17. An officer writes: "The Duke of Westminster offered to make a dash into the desert with his armoured cars to bring them back. . . . The whole episode, from its rapidity and daring, because the Duke did not know what enemy he might encounter, was most dramatic, and such as one only reads of in books."—[Photograph by Harvey]

generally accepted but rather misleading term—over the new tax. How is it to be collected? By means of a stamp on the ticket? Or by a turnstile? Or by a tax on the weekly gross receipts?

All these methods are bad, for varying reasons. It is agreed that the tax must fall on the public—chiefly, at any rate. The great idea is to hit upon some method of administering the tax which will harm nobody and benefit everybody. Can you hit upon it, friend the reader?

Well, I think I have hit upon it. If it is adopted, I shall get no credit for it. One never does, I find. But you, perhaps, will remember, vaguely, that you saw it in these Notes.

I suggest that every person paying for admission is compelled to buy a programme, the price of the programme to be not less than one penny and not more than sixpence. Each programme will be stamped with the Government stamp, just as sheet-music is stamped by the composer.

(1) The managers will benefit because they will sell more programmes and be enabled to charge a higher price for the ads.

(2) The public will benefit because they will be able to understand the show instead of having it explained by the nearest person with a programme.

(3) The authors will benefit—not that they matter—because the public are getting a grip on the story, instead of mistaking the butler for the master of the house, and the dowager for the ingénue.

## The Tax on Amusements.

There is a good deal of trouble in the world of amusements—to use a gen-



MORALS OF MACKENZIE: WOMAN RULING THE STAGE.



*The Lady Manageress interviews the youngest male supers procurable.*



*Soon we shall be having a feminine portrayal of Hamlet.*



*And of the hero in the latest light comedy.*



*All the members of the company being of the fair sex, our orchestras, too, will be feminine.*

Men becoming scarce, except in one or other of the fighting services or in Government work, it is not surprising that our Artist should deal with a stage ruled by woman.

We must chide him gently, however, for not knowing that there have been feminine Hamlets; to say nothing of at least one feminine hero of revue, if not of light comedy.





# THE CLUBMAN

SARTORIAL SPECULATIONS FOR AFTER THE WAR: UNIFORM OR MUFTI?

## Bad Form in Dress.

Someone with a sense of humour has pasted on one of the gate pillars of the most quietly respectable club to which I belong one of the "Bad Form in Dress" placards, and the younger members, who are almost without exception in khaki, look at it and grin; while the older members, who are wearing out their country clothes made ten years ago, wonder against whom the rebuke is directed, and are stiffened in their resolution not to undergo the ordeal of "trying on" new clothes even though their dress-coats may be shiny at the elbows and their dress-trousers frayed over the heels. The average clubman who is not wearing khaki or Navy blue, or who changes from khaki or blue into mufti after his day's work is done, now considers a dinner-jacket the correct upper garment to wear if he goes to a theatre, and there are a dozen black ties in the stalls of a theatre to every white one. A white dress-waistcoat is now as great a rarity as a tall silk hat, and the end of the war, when it comes, will find us all in worn-out clothes, looking to the King to give us a lead as to what are to be our London clothes in the years to come.

## The Tall Hat.

I see a few men in the streets still wearing the tall silk hat; they are, I fancy, mostly doctors or solicitors, who seem tied to that emblem of respectability. An old lady once told me that she would not believe in the prescriptions of any doctor who came to visit her wearing anything but a tall silk hat; and though most of the solicitors with whom I am acquainted look, in their hours of ease in their gardens or their libraries, like cheerful country gentlemen whose opinion on the crops would be valuable, I never meet a solicitor on the war-path in office hours unaccompanied by his high silk hat. I think they wear them as the Grenadiers wore their towering bearskins—to overawe their enemies. No one loves the "topper." The schoolboy reduces it as quickly as possible to a furry and battered state; the young man, though he cherishes it, hates it; and the old man grunts his disapproval of it as an impossible head-dress in which to take a comfortable forty winks after luncheon. What, however, is to replace it? King Edward, who introduced the Homburg hat to the world of England for country wear, remained a worshipper of the tall hat for ceremonial occasions, and it was by his express wish that "chimney-pots" were worn on the Sussex Downs at Goodwood when the Queen was present—which, it always seemed to me, marked the culminating point of the cult of the tall hat.



A CORPORAL AS ALICE: CORPORAL E. J. DILLON IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT SALONIKA—AND THE AUTHOR, PRIVATE F. KENCHINGTON.

"Dick Whittington" is still running at Salonika, and is very popular with the troops. It is by Private F. Kenchington, R.A.M.C., and is performed by members of a British Field Ambulance.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

"bowler." It is as much a hat of the people as is the cloth cap. The most aristocratic head-gear that I know of is a well-made yachting-cap; but the sense of suitability keeps a Briton from wearing his yachting-cap unless his temporary home is on his, or somebody else's, yacht—I except, of course, those noble souls who walk the jetty at Margate in yachting-cap, white flannel trousers, and sand-shoes. If the King, after the war, were to drive from

Windsor to Ascot in white yachting-kit and a yachting-cap with a white cover, how joyfully the smart world would adopt the new fashion. The yachting-man would only have to fasten his yacht club badge to his everyday cap when he joined his yacht for a cruise. Such a cap, as every yachtsman knows, is the ideal head-covering to wear going to the theatre or going out to dinner. The downfall of the tall hat would give the artists a chance of designing something better, and maybe there are classic models that may be adapted to modern needs, and which would not look ridiculous when worn above a lounge coat and trousers.

## The Taming of the Nut.

At the commencement of the war—and what a long, long time ago that seems!—we all smiled at the eccentricities of the nuts who were wearing uniform for the first time and who were in the transition state between the youth of fashion and the soldier. They wore beautiful silk socks and Oxford shoes that shone like cairngorm stones. Their taste in canes and safety-pins was of infinite variety. The Provost-Marshal and his stern satellites did much to check the eccentricities in dress of these soldier Beau Brummells; but a year in the trenches has done more. The young officer of to-day, in his lace boots and puttees, and carrying a cane or an ash-plant which he has chosen for its suitability to help him over difficult ground, looks a man ready for hard work. The khaki hunting-cravats, the khaki silk handkerchiefs showing a corner from a breast-pocket, and the leaded hunting-crop are, I think, now the only excursions from the well-worn rut.

## The Passion for Mufti.

Will this war, I wonder, eradicate the British officer's passion for changing from uniform to plain clothes at the earliest possible hour of the day? It depends a good deal what example is set by the heads of the Service, from the Army Council downwards, and whether khaki remains the everyday uniform, and the frock-coat and the scarlet and gold are reserved for occasions of ceremony. To go back to a stiff linen collar after the comfort of the soft khaki shirt will certainly not be a pleasure; and no mufti coat—certainly not a smart London garment—is half as comfortable as the khaki jacket, which is an ideal coat in which to play golf. The Guards officers, of course, will hold to their privilege of wearing plain clothes when not on duty; but I hope that the rest of the Army will find its uniform more comfortable than its plain clothes, and will live in it.

## An Agreement With the Waiters.

At some restaurants the waiters wear bone badges on the lapels of their coats in order that they shall not be mistaken for guests, and the guests for waiters. Cannot we, after the war, come to an agreement with the waiters that they shall wear the swallow-tailed coats and white waistcoats, and shall leave to us the dinner-jackets and the black waistcoats? Every clubman, or nearly every clubman, will, after the war, have the right to wear the uniform of an officer either of the reserve or of the active army, and this should be our dress of ceremony. I hope that, in the days of sartorial freedom that will probably come after the war, the tall hat will follow the frock-coat into the limbo of the rag-and-bone shop, and that to be smart will mean to be comfortable.



LEARNING TO USE THE BAT: THE HON. WILLIAM G. E. BROWNLOW, ONLY SON OF LORD LURGAN.

Mr. Brownlow was born in 1902. He is here seen being instructed in the use of the bat by H. White, Ground Superintendent at Lord's.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE ENGAGEMENT OF A 13<sup>TH</sup> EARL: THE BRIDE-TO-BE.*A Coming Peeress.*

## TO MARRY LORD WESTMORLAND: MISS CATHERINE LOUISE GEALE.

It is announced that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Earl of Westmorland, of Woodstock Park, Sittingbourne, Kent, and Catherine Louise Geale, elder daughter of the late Rev. John S. Geale, and Mrs. Geale, of Brighton and Herne Bay. Lord Westmorland, who is the thirteenth Earl of a creation dating from 1624, was born in August 1859, and succeeded in 1891. He is an A.D.C. to

the King, and served in the South African War. In 1892, he married Lady Sybil Mary St. Clair-Erskine (who died in 1910). He has two sons: the elder, Lord Burghersh, became a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in 1914; the younger, the Hon. Mountjoy Fane, was born in 1900, and is a naval cadet. His daughters are Lady Enid Vane, wife of Lord Barnard's eldest son, and Lady Gloria Fane, who is fourteen.

*Photograph by Houghton.*



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IN the ordinary way Sir Marcus Samuel might feel annoyed with the unknown, and unknowing, lady who ran him up at Christie's for the Lavery blank canvas; but at the Red Cross Sale nobody is supposed to be out for bargains, and every bidder is in the best of tempers with his opponent. In this case, the unknown came into the room just as the Lavery was being offered, and ran it gaily on until her escort explained that the lot selling was not the lot upon which she had set her heart. Her bids stopped forthwith, and Sir Marcus was left in possession at eight hundred and fifty guineas. The moral is that a blank canvas must be bought, certainly not on its merits, but with a keen eye for its catalogue number.

*The Blue Bride.* Lady Victoria Legge-Bourke wore a blue frock at her wedding. The poets of several



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEOFFREY DE TEISSIER: MISS KATHARINE SELIGMAN.

Miss Seligman is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Theodore Seligman, of New York, and Lady Waldstein, wife of Sir Charles Waldstein, of Newton Hall, Cambridgeshire. Captain de Teissier is in the Scots Guards. The wedding is arranged to take place to-day (April 19), at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

*Photograph by Speaight.*

York announcing Lord Torphichen's engagement was perfectly correct. The real inexactitude about the news as it reaches us is the way in which several papers print the young Peer's name. It is not spelled Torphichen, nor is it pronounced Torphichen. Lord Torphichen, by the way, is unlike the other members of the new batch of marrying Peers. He is only thirty, has never been married before, and, moreover, is reverting to that old-established practice of taking an American girl to wife.

*Moving Pictures.* Very beautiful and interesting are the pictures brought home by Mr. Adrian Stokes just in time for the Royal Academy. When the war broke out he and Mrs. Adrian and Mr. Sargent were in the Austrian Tyrol, and though they themselves were allowed to leave, the difficulty of getting canvases over any frontier was found

to be considerable. Even Switzerland is cautious, and it was only after various officials had been convinced of the innocence of Mr. Stokes's pigments that they were passed. The ordeal, he says, reminded him of the old days when to him the Hanging Committee was still an obscure and dreaded tribunal.



AUTHOR OF A PLAY WITH A PURPOSE: MRS. MAX GREEN.

Mrs. Max Green, who, before her marriage to the Chairman of the Irish Prisons Board, was very well known in Irish Society as Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of the famous Irish Nationalist leader, has just written another play, entitled "They Also Serve," and its object is to stimulate recruiting amongst her countrymen.

*Photograph by Poole.*

*Another Engagement.* Though at first people treated it as "only a rumour," the cable from New

House—to the House that had once condemned him in dramatic and historic fashion and afterwards rehabilitated him. "I'm afraid she won't find me half so witty or amusing as I've found her in her books," said a Peer who was down for a speech; but the Countess left



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER IN IRELAND: THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.

Our photograph, which was taken at Palmerstown, Co. Kildare, the Irish seat of the Earl of Mayo, shows the Countess with two of her dogs. Lady Mayo has devoted much of her time to various forms of war work since the commencement of the war, and is always ready to lend her aid in helping any of the war charities.—[Photograph by Poole.]

*Mr. Chaplin's Peerage.*

Mr. Chaplin, I hear, was fed up with his namesake long before the peerage provoked a great renewal of the Caroline jest. Now we may take it that he is utterly weary of the very meagre humour, at the best, that can be extracted from a similarity of name—and only a partial similarity at that. Even the "movie" actor, whose fun has a way of repeating itself, will vote the thing a bore if he receives too many cables of congratulation on his elevation. The curious thing is that the jest may really have some subtle influence on Mr. Henry Chaplin's choice of a title.

*The Lady and the Lords.*

"How interesting!" said somebody during Lord Courtney's speech the other day. It wasn't the speech; it was the news that Earl Russell had just brought in his bride for a first visit to the



A CLEVER AMATEUR ACTRESS: MRS. DE GREY FIRTH.

Mrs. De Grey Firth, a well-known member of the Leeds Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society, and holder of the Martin Harvey Silver Medal for Dramatic Art, has recently added to her laurels by a remarkably clever impersonation of Lady Lillian Garson in Sir J. M. Barrie's brilliant *Barrieism*, "Half-an-Hour."

*Photograph by Bacon.*

before his turn came, having already made up her mind on the merits of Lords' English.

*The Poets.*

"Poets on show" is the rather unkind heading to a daily paper's account of the reading afternoon at Baroness d'Erlanger's. As a matter of fact, the afternoon resolved itself into an affair of sounds rather than sights. In the Baroness's crowded room the voices were the things that told. Mr. Birrell's reverberating organ acted nobly as a dispeller of the initial silence that is apt to frighten the amateur reader; Mr. Belloc, too, has a voice like artillery. Between them they cleared the way for the less forceful performances of Mr. Davies and Mr. de la Mare. A pleasant afternoon, anyhow, though not, as it turned out, desperately exciting. Everybody there seemed to be happy.



FROM THE (FOUNTAIN) COURT CIRCULAR: TOWN ARRIVALS.



CONTEMPLATING INSURANCE AGAINST AIRCRAFT: THE HON. CAWDOR TEMPLE-ROOK OUTSIDE HIS NEW RESIDENCE.



THE HON. CAWDOR TEMPLE-ROOK PICKS UP ODDS AND ENDS OF FURNITURE, AND BRINGS THEM HOME HIMSELF.



RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING EXPEDITION, TO THEIR NEW HOME IN FOUNTAIN COURT:  
(FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE HON. CAWDOR AND MRS. TEMPLE-ROOK.

The Hon. Cawdor and Mrs. Temple-Rook returned to town last week after a prolonged absence at their country seat near Crowborough. They have left their former residence in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn for a flat in Fountain Court, Temple, where our photographs were taken. Since their arrival they have been much occupied in furnishing the new abode, which they decided to carry out in a combination of the Georgian and Futuristic styles. Mr. Cawdor Temple-Rook is an enthusiastic

connoisseur of old furniture, and loves to ramble round the purlieus of Tottenham Court Road. He invariably himself carries home the numerous treasures he picks up. Mrs. Temple-Rook, being more interested in the future, prefers the modern style, especially for the nursery. In view of Zeppelin raids and the present state of affairs generally, Mr. Temple-Rook has wisely taken out an "all-in" policy against various risks, including aircraft, submarines, German snipers, and lawyer-politicians.

Photographs by C.N.



## THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.



"OUR AIRSHIPS SUCCESSFULLY BOMBARDED THE DOCKS OF LONDON LAST NIGHT!"

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETP.

—GERMAN OFFICIAL.



## RETURNING TO THE STAGE—IF REPORT BE TRUE.



MARRIED TO THE THIRD SON OF LORD COWDRAY, IN 1909: THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS GEOFFREY PEARSON.

The marriage of the Hon. Francis Geoffrey Pearson, third son of Lord Cowdray (then known as Sir Weetman Dickinson Pearson), took place in August 1909, the bride being Miss Ethel Lewis, daughter of Mr. John Lewis, of Grantham. Mr. Pearson was killed

in action in 1914. There is a child of the wedding, Joan Cinnetta. Before her marriage, Mrs. Pearson was a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and it is stated that she is about to return to the stage.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



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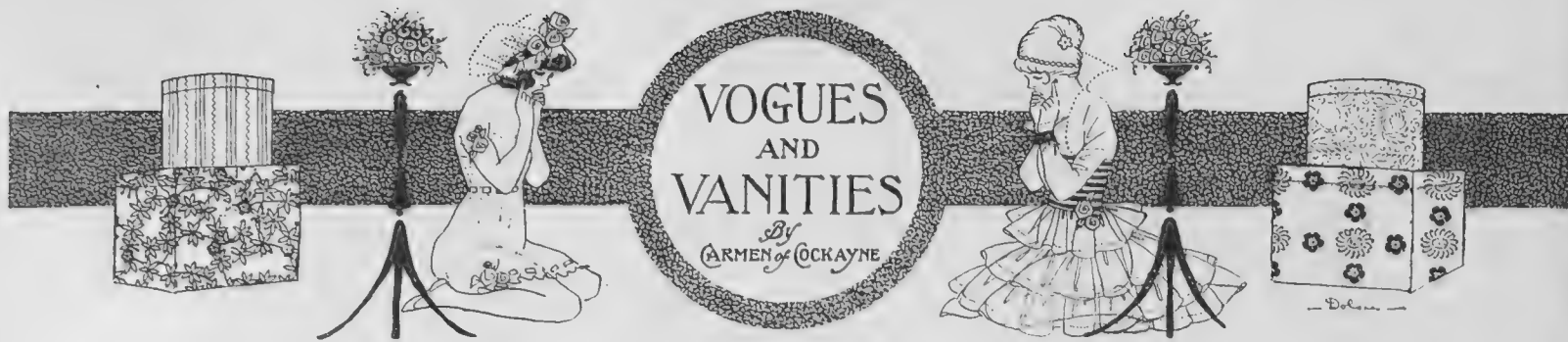


GERALD: What's a Budget, pa?

PAPA: A Cancellor of the Exchequer, my boy.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





### Concerning Things Not Generally Known.

Superstitions die hard, and none harder than that to the effect that the English have no ideas concerning the more intimate details of female dress. Ever since the homely frocks of the Anglo-Saxon ladies aroused the amused contempt of Matilda and her Court, the notion has persisted that the Frenchwoman has a heaven-sent instinct for divining what is "exactly right" in all matters that pertain to dress, whilst the Englishwoman is scarcely capable of distinguishing the line that divides elegance from repellent utility. We can think in terms of plain roast, so to speak, but not of entrées,

soufflés, and vols-au-vent: on this side Paris alone can speak with authority. But that is a pure delusion—a mirage of the imagination which has as much foundation in fact as the German official accounts of the disasters and havoc caused by raiding Zepps. The Frenchwoman may have a greater natural aptitude for dress than her English sister, but, be it cultivated or inherent, no one can accuse her in these days of bad taste in clothes. "Be smart, dear girl, and let who will be other," is her motto, and she is very thorough in applying it to every item of her attire, whether intended for public display or reserved strictly for "home consumption." She has no use for beauty that is on the surface only, and, that being so, it is no wonder that her "undies" receive a vast amount of care and consideration at the hands of the *élégante*, and the choice of a new petticoat or *robe de nuit* becomes a matter as important as the selection of a new gown.

### When Linen is Not Linen.

Our great-grandmothers, no doubt, would be hard put to it to recognise in the frothy masses of silk and lace, chiffon and tulle, a garment so homely, in theory, as the petticoat, as well as other and not-to-be-mentioned intimacies of underwear. For though the white linen and lawn undergarments sanctioned by time and usage are still with us, others which are neither white nor of linen, whose watchword is transparency, and whose whole being is bound up within the

confines of a few soft puffings of lace and silk, flourish abundantly. Sheer beauty, though, is not the only question to be considered when the choice of dessous is toward. Fashion the omnipotent imposes her decrees alike on the dress that is unseen and that which all the world may see. Just now her favour is bestowed in liberal measure upon the "undie" that is made of crêpe-de-Chine or finely woven Milanese silk. The material consideration, however, is not all. Originality of design, scrupulous good taste in the matter of trimming; and a careful attention to cut and style are all essential to the perfect night-dress, the knicker that aspires to being fashionable, and the vest that is abreast of the time.

### Dinky Dessous.

The exact degree of desirability attaching to the dessous of to-day can be gauged from the examples Dolores has sketched on this page. The originals are to be found at Jay's, in Regent Street, where silken underclothes of all sorts can be seen at their shiniest and seductive best. A particularly charming night-robe of fine Milanese silk—an ideal washing and wearing fabric, by the way—is bound about the shoulders with palest blue satin ribbon, and is adorned with a long, fluttering bow to correspond. Some idea of its attractiveness can be gleaned from the accompanying small sketch, and there are many others, all linked in the common bond of beauty. It is but one step from the nightie to the knicker and the vest that is above it. Fashion the ever-restless has decided that for the time being the culottes shall be small and short, and cut like infants' pantalettes, and be well supplied with buttons, and to emphasise her point she has christened them *Bébé*. Of course, the vest harmonises with the wee knickers below, and at Jay's there are vests which in all respects come up to the standard of the momentary mode. They are of fine Milanese silk, and their keynote is simplicity. The neck is daintily scooped, and exquisite hand-embroidery decorates the front.

### The Pyjama de Luxe.

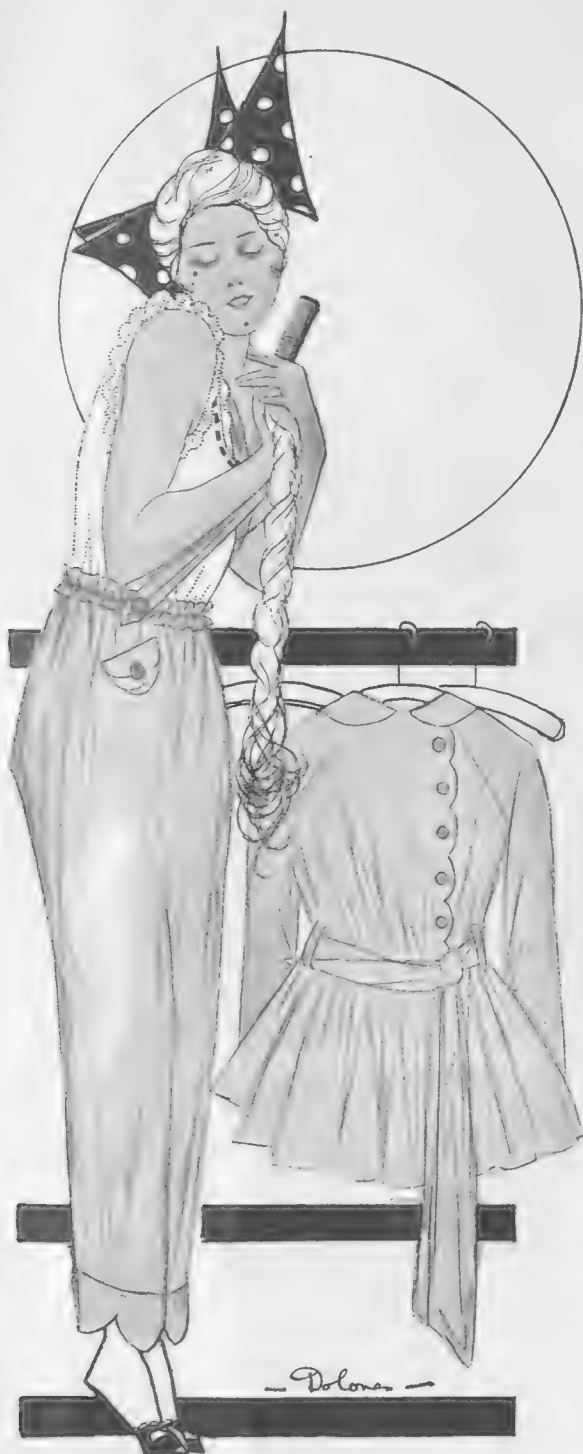
Nor does the genius of the lingerie artist stop short at these essentially feminine garments. Here is a pyjama suit that strikes a new note with its soft cross-over braces, which render it specially suitable for wear in warm weather, when a sleeveless vest could replace the coat. This particular example was made in thick washing crêpe-de-Chine in a pale-blue shade; but it can be bought in other colours, including black—as, indeed, can all the other garments to which reference has been made. There is a wide field of choice, too, for those who prefer striped effects, as well as some dainty white suites with contrasting collars and cuffs of any colour that may be preferred.

### Checked Ankles.

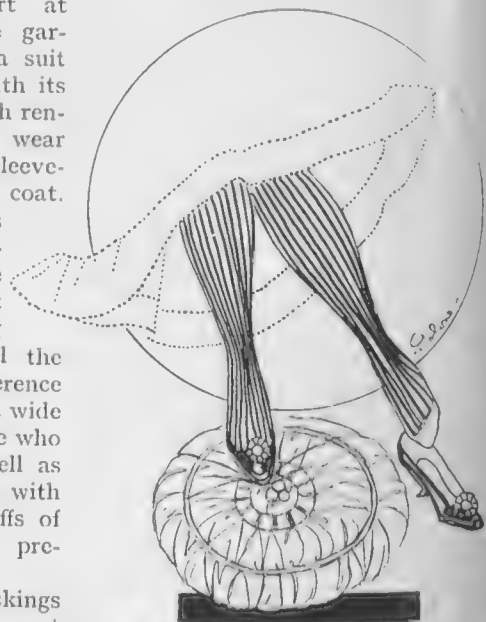
The stockings of the moment deserve a special note. Particularly fascinating are those endowed with checked ankles, and these in their turn divide the honours with those whose surface is broken by stripes.



*Beauty is best unadorned. That is why this night-dress of finest Milanese silk eschews ornament save for a binding of ribbon and a bow of the same. The cap of fine cream net and lace holds much the same view.*



*United or divided, this pyjama suit of pale blue washing crêpe-de-Chine stands as the softest, sweetest, and most slumbrous suit ever devised to tempt helpless woman.*



*Checked or striped, the stocking is always in the forefront of the mode. These black-and-white ones are of Milanese silk.*



War = Time Studdys!



III.—FRIGHTFULNESS AS APPLIED TO THE MAN ON SHORT LEAVE

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## VISITORS AT THE FRONT.

By CAPTAIN HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE Rutland Light Infantry (20th Service Battalion) had temporarily left the front line, and were having a rest in billets at the little village of Sur-la-Lys. The "rest" (alleged) merely consisted of living in a number of dilapidated barns, with sodden straw on which to sleep. However, after a prolonged spell in the mud and slush of the trenches, even a leaky roof and tumble-down walls were a change for the better. At any rate, they were comparatively immune from shell-fire.

Nevertheless, life there had its drawbacks. Conspicuous among these was the absence of any sort of excitement. Beyond the usual dull round of garrison duty, nothing ever happened to break the monotony. The Commune of Sur-la-Lys, which served as the billeting area of the division, was far from being a hub of excitement. It contained little beyond a church, a *mairie*, a hospital, and three cafés. One of these latter, however, had been commandeered as an officers' mess, and the other two were placed out of bounds by the Provost-Marshal.

"It's enough to make a chap go on the loose and spend his evenings in a Y.M.C.A. hut," declared Private Clarke. "I never saw such a hole as this. There isn't even a cinema from one end of the place to the other. Chronic!"

"Never mind, Nobby," said Wilson. "We go back to the trenches next week. That will be a change. Here comes Nosey Parker," he added, "with to-morrow's duties. Now we'll know who's been picked out for the Staff."

"Answer your names for duty," said the N.C.O., putting his head in at the door. "Smith and Wilsor, guard; Harris, officers' mess fatigue; Jones and Roberts, picket. Everyone else, parade 9 a.m."

"Anything for me, Sergeant?" inquired Private Clarke.

"Yes, Staff job."

"What is it, please? Carrying despatches to Buckingham Palace?"

"Not this time, my lad," returned the other, consulting his note-book. "Only specially intelligent soldiers are selected for that. There's a civilian gent coming from England to see what active service at the front is like. You're to meet him at the station at 10 a.m., and conduct him to the headquarters office. The name is Alderman Alfred Bunting. Don't forget it."

As the sergeant left the room, Wilson turned to his comrade. "Your luck's in, Nobby," he announced. "If you talk to the bloke nice and polite, there's a tip hanging on to this job. Anyway, Dusty Smith once touched a civilian visitor for half-a-quid. The chap was only an actor with a concert party, but Dusty pretended to take him for an officer. He never stopped saluting."

"What's a blooming Alderman, Tug? Is it the same as a Member of Parliament?"

"Yes, but a bit more important."

"Wonder what he wants nosing about here? If I had a good job in England, you wouldn't catch me messing round France."

"The sergeant told you, Nobby. He's come to learn all about active service. Then he'll go home and write a book."

"There was a chap like that when I was at Boolong," observed Harris. "He was a County Councillor, or something big, and used to make speeches in the base camp. I read a bit he wrote

in the paper afterwards. He said he was up to his neck in blood, and dodging German shells all day. He didn't half stick it on!"

"Well, I'll tell him the tale myself," declared Nobby, "if that's what he fancies. Where's old Ginger? He ought to be in this along with me. It would suit him a treat."

"Jordan's on guard," answered Wilson. "If you want an aidy-kong, I'll go to the station with you."

"Not much. You're only a rough, ignorant soldier, Tug. This here job wants careful handling. Mr. Blooming Alderman Alf Bunting, Esq., must be treated with the dignity due to his important position. Properly worked, he might be good for a decent tip. Anyway, I'll have a good try."

### II.

The next morning Private Clarke was at the station early. There he passed a few minutes promoting the Entente by chatting with

the daughter of the *chef de gare*, who happened to speak a little English. When the train arrived, he had no difficulty in discovering the individual for whom he was waiting, since only one civilian dismounted. This person, contrary to his expectations, was a tall, smart-looking, elderly man.

"If he was in uniform, I'd almost take him for an officer," reflected Nobby, as he walked up and saluted the stranger.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," he said briskly, "but I've been sent to meet you."

"Much obliged. I wired from Boulogne, asking the Brigadier here to let me have a guide. So you're the man, then? Glad to see you. How far is it to the headquarters office?"

"About a mile, Sir."

"Very well," returned the stranger; "if you'll show me the way, we'll walk there. First of all, though, I want to go into that shop across the street. What's the French for matches? Never mind, I have some. I wonder if I can buy any decent cigarettes here?"

"Just the place for 'em."

"H'm, my French isn't too good," remarked the

other, as, a moment later, a smiling young woman leaned across the counter and observed affably, "*Monsieur désire quelque chose?*"

Determined not to lose a chance of proving his value, Nobby thrust himself forward.

"Beg your pardon, Sir. Leave it to me. I talk the lingo."

"So you speak French? Interpreter, perhaps?"

"Yes, Sir," said Nobby. "Just listen." Then he turned to the young woman, shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and saluted.

"Bong jour, Missy. Pardong. Savvy cigarettes? Woodbines, plenty tray bong. Na-poo. Combiang? Vive la France! That's the way to talk to these people."

The lady smiled pleasantly, and took a packet of cigarettes from the shelf.

"*Bien entendu. Y-a-t-il autre chose pour votre service, Monsieur?*"

"Better language," said Nobby. "She is saying something she didn't ought to," he added. "Now, if you're ready, we'll start. Up this road, Sir, and then follow the canal bank."

[Continued overleaf.]



MRS. DARLING'S DARLING: MISS NINA SEVENING'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Little Miss Elisabeth Nina Longstaffe, whose portrait we give here, is the daughter of that well-known actress, Miss Nina Sevensing, who married Mr. Victor C. H. Longstaffe. Miss Sevensing, it may be recalled, was the Mrs. Darling of "Peter Pan," at Wyndham's, in April 1914.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



## AS SHE IS SPOKE !



THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN: Well, James; now that you've been at the Front so long, I suppose you've acquired the language?  
JAMES: Langwidge, Sir! That don't want no acquirin'—comes natural-like when you're under fire.

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS.

It was a pleasant morning, and as they walked along the new arrival proved an agreeable enough companion. He seemed to have an inquiring mind, and asked a number of questions. Nobby enjoyed himself thoroughly in answering them. He had a vivid imagination, which he drew on to the full. Everything he said appeared to be accepted without question. Still, once or twice the other did look just a little astonished at some of the statements offered for his consumption.

"Are you here to make speeches to the troops?" asked Nobby, searching for a fresh topic.

"Make speeches? Bless my soul, no! I've just come to have a look round. The General here is a friend of mine."

"Ah, you want to pick up wrinkles about life at the front."

"Certainly."

"Well, it's lucky I'm on this job. I can tell you things you couldn't believe."

"I expect you could."

"I mean, things you didn't know had happened."

"You've already told me a few," was the dry response.

"I only wish there was a battle going on this morning," continued Nobby; "but we haven't had one since yesterday."

"H'm! I understood this place was some distance from the actual firing-line."

"Why, we're right in the thick of it here," declared Nobby. "Look at that house there," he added, pointing to a dilapidated building which had been blown down by a storm. "Those holes in the walls were made by a shell last night."

"Indeed? Anyone hurt?"

"Ten killed and twelve wounded. That's nothing to what generally happens, though."

A few minutes later they passed a field where a party of engineers were constructing a drain. The spectacle inspired Nobby to a fresh flight.

"That's a new trench those chaps are digging," he remarked. "We took it from the Germans last week. That's where I got this bullet through my cap," he continued, pointing

to a hole made by a lighted cigarette that a comrade had carelessly dropped on it.

"A narrow escape."

"Oh, I'm used to that sort of thing," was the airy response.

The next moment a military policeman standing at the door of a café gave Nobby another idea.

"See that chap?" he said. "He's a Member of Parliament. That's why he has M.P. on his arm. You didn't know that, I expect?"

"I didn't. And what is your particular job?"

"Oh, I'm on the Staff. Confidential work, and all that sort of thing. Very important."

"Quite so," returned the other. "Well, this looks like the headquarters office," he added, as they reached a building in front of which stood a flag. "I won't trouble you to come any further. Much obliged for showing me the way. Good-morning."

### III.

Until he was safely out of sight, Nobby managed to conceal his chagrin. Then he gave vent to it.

"Well, if that chap's an alderman, I don't think much of him," he exclaimed.

"Only got a measly 'thank you' for all the trouble I took. He ought to be strafed!"

It was in a very disappointed frame of mind that he returned to his quarters. As he entered the billet, the first person he saw there was Private Jordan, smoking a cigar.

"What cheer!" observed that warrior brightly.

"That's enough of it," was the ungracious response. "I suppose you fancy yourself behind that smoke, Ginger. Where did you pinch it?"

"A gentleman friend gave it to me."

"Why?"

"Conspicuous service. I've been on the same sort of job as you. After you'd gone off there was a message, saying that a specially smart soldier was wanted for to meet the next train and conduct a civilian to the headquarters office."

"Well, what had it got to do with you?"

"You're not listening, Nobby. Didn't you hear me say a specially smart soldier was wanted for the job? Of course, they chose me."

"Where was the rest of the platoon?"

"Funny, aren't you?" said Jordan. "If you don't want to know how I got this cigar, you needn't."

"All right. Tell us how you did him down, then? What kind of bloke was he?"

"Short, fat chap, with a Trilby hat and fur coat. Bit like an actor. Comic way of talking, too. 'Yes, my good feller,' and 'Much obliged to you, my good feller,' every minute. You know the style."

"What was he doing in France?"

"He said he'd come out to cheer up us poor ignorant soldiers, and to let us see we weren't forgotten by our friends in England. They were doing their blooming bit there, he said, just as much as we are out here. Suffering most 'orrible hardships, too, since the pubs are closed half the day. Quite upset me."

"What was your chap's clever name?"

"Mr. Alf Bunting. He's what they call an Alderman."

"Bunting?" echoed Nobby, pricking up his ears. "You're wrong there, my lad."

"Well, here's his visiting-card, and chance it," declared the other, producing a slip of paste-board. "What price this?—Alderman Alfred Bunting, Jellicoe Road, Clapham. Plain enough, isn't it?"

Nobby stared at the card in open-mouthed astonishment.

"But Bunting was the name of the cove I went to meet. He was to come by the ten o'clock train."

"That's rum."

"Why?"

"Because, when I met this chap of mine, he told me he'd missed the ten o'clock train, and had sent a wire to-day to say he'd arrive by the next one."

"Then who was it I met?" demanded Nobby, looking more puzzled than ever.

"Can't tell you. Didn't you ask him for his pass?"

"No, the people at the headquarters office would do that."

"Well," said Jordan, "I hope he wasn't a German spy. You can't be too careful out here."

Nobby went hot and cold at the bare suggestion. He was about to speak, when the other suddenly took a letter from his pocket.

"I was nearly forgetting," he remarked, "but a bicycle orderly brought this up ten minutes ago, and asked me to give it to you. He said it was from the chap you took to the headquarters office."

"Mr. Blooming Bunting?"

"No, that was my bloke, I keep telling you. This is from your chap."

Nobby took the letter and examined the envelope suspiciously.

"What's inside it?"

"Better look and see."

With fingers that trembled a little, Nobby tore open the flap. From a sheet of paper inside he drew out a ten-franc note.

"Well, this isn't so bad," he observed.

"What's that written on the paper?" inquired Jordan, glancing over his shoulder.

"With compliments from Major-General Sir Thomas Brown, Retired List, and many thanks for an instructive conversation," read Nobby. "What does he mean, Ginger?"

"That's written sarcastic-like. And to think you took him for a civilian. Well, I'm blown!"

"So am I," said Nobby. "Still, I'm more blown than you are, Ginger."

THE END.



ENGAGED TO MISS CATHERINE GEALE: THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

Lord Westmorland's marriage to Miss Catherine Louise Geale, elder daughter of the late Rev. John S. Geale and Mrs. Geale, of Brighton and Hove Bay, is announced to take place shortly. He was formerly Colonel of the 3rd Batt. Northamptonshire Regiment, and served in South Africa. His first wife, a daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn, died six years ago.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



ORGANISER OF A CHARITY MATINÉE AT THE AMBASSADORS' THEATRE: MRS. C. B. COCHRAN.

Mrs. Cochran, whose husband is the well-known manager of the Ambassadors' Theatre, arranged the matinée at the Ambassadors', on the 11th, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. She was formerly Miss Evelyn Alice Dade.

Photograph by Bertram Park.





"Great Scott, man,  
that's your third!"

And I'm not half-way through this pipe yet. You must be worth a small fortune to the people who make your tobacco.

"Now this Bond of Union which I'm smoking only costs 7d. an oz., but it lasts in the pipe nearly half as long again as ordinary mixture.

"They have some special way of curing it which slows down the smoke and brings out the flavour at the same time.

"I wouldn't say 'thank you' for your 8d. or 9d. mixture while I can get Bond of Union for 7d. an oz."

*Bond of Union is composed of certain choice leaves which give an essentially cool, slow smoke. And each kind of tobacco in the mixture is separately cured so as to bring out the individual flavour.*

For the Front.—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers or Sailors abroad, specially packed at 3/6 per lb. duty free. Minimum order ½ lb. Postage (extra) 1/- for ½ lb. up to 1½ lbs. 1/4 up to 4 lbs. Order through your Tobacconist, or send remittance direct to us. Postal address:—Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd., Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

## Bond of Union

Medium and Full, 7d. per oz.  
Mild, 7½d. per oz.

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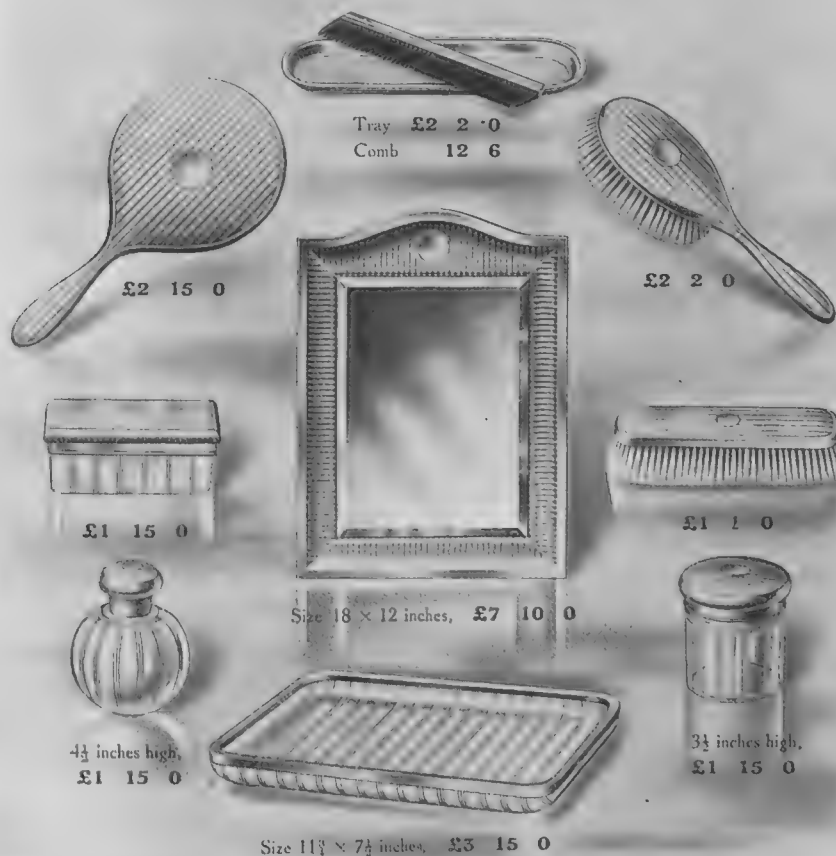
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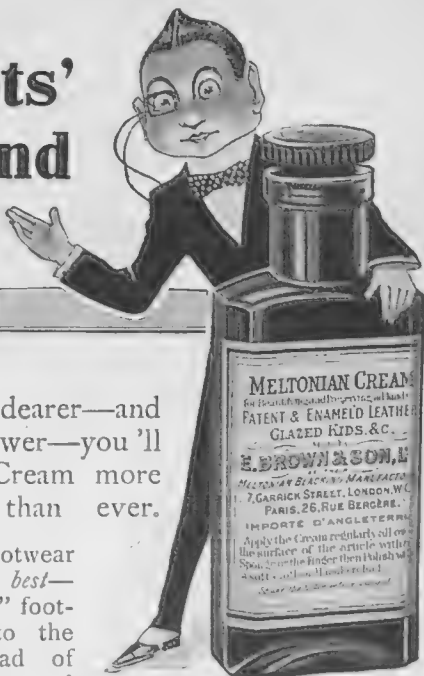
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Service Jacket	from £3 : 1 : 6
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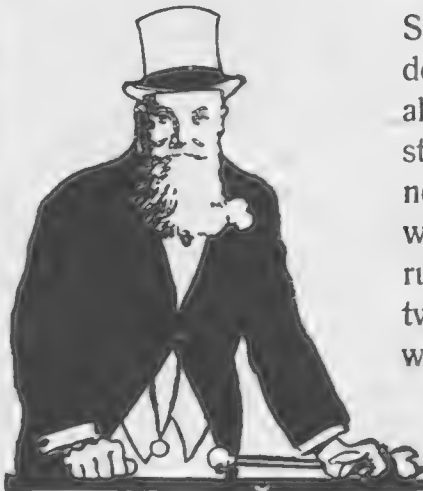
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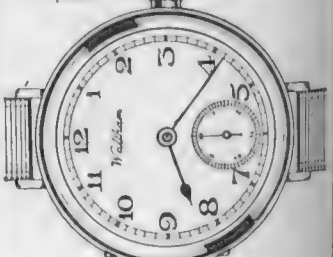
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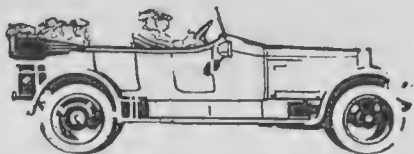
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**CAN BE INSTANTLY  
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## WOMAN'S WAYS

**Cats Triumphant.** The deity of the hearth emerges triumphant from Mr. McKenna's net. Nothing, it seems, neither world wars nor crumbling civilisations, can touch the position—far above thrones and dynasties, which are, after all, but passing ephemera—of Pasht. They go about their silent, secretive way, or sit purring benignly in your favourite arm-chair, quite certain that they will never be "taxed" out of existence by the wildest Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor even, alas! diminished in their undesirable numbers. For there are cats and cats, as the most ardent adorer of the race will admit. There is the exquisite, distinguished, reserved but fascinating cat of your affections, whose death is a tragedy in the household. There is the fluffy person who, in the words of Walter Pater, "repays you with so much confidence" when alone with you and your books by the fire towards midnight. It is then that its eyes grow enormous, mysterious, almost disquieting, and it is seized with an ecstasy of demonstrative affection. These are strange hours, in which you begin vaguely to understand the old Egyptian attitude towards the Sphinx and her living prototypes. Pussy has been regarded, during the ages, as a goddess, an evil spirit, a mascot; but never has mankind been indifferent to her, and she is, as Mr. Kipling has pointed out in certain hostile verses, absolutely sure of her position in our regard.

## Disraeli and Mid-Victorian Manners.

We shall soon all be imitating the charming manners of the ladies in "Disraeli" (except the odious Tory Duchess), so sweet and gracious and confiding are these creatures in "bustles" and trains, flounces and ostrich-feathers. Even Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, as the spy, looking so distinguished in her 1875 dresses, is quaintly "arch," and taps the men with her little fan in the approved Victorian manner. As for Miss Mary Jerrold as Lady Beaconsfield,

a more endearing personage has seldom been seen on the stage, though a more flagrant case of husband-worship has never been depicted. She would be altogether ridiculous in the eyes of our ultra-advanced feminists to-day. Yet these coaxing, self-effacing ladies of 1875 contrived to get their own way in the most curious manner. One imagines the sweetness, the elegance, the tiny carved ivory fan which played such a considerable part in social life were sometimes a mask assumed by what was called (in 1875) the Fair Sex. Beneath it they pulled ropes, engineered party politics, and exercised a real influence in politics and social life. A little earlier, there were rising young men who went in mortal dread of Lady Palmerston, who was a type of the English "great lady" of those days. "Disraeli" is distinctly a play to be seen, for Mr. Dennis Eadie plays a comic Beaconsfield with a wonderful get-up, and Mlle. Dorziat is—Mlle. Dorziat.

## Prussians and Paper.

The Prussians, realising, perhaps, that "a scrap of paper" has made them infamous for all time, are now going to be economical with that commodity. With Teutonic thoroughness, not only the paper, but the words written upon it, are to be curtailed. Elaborate phrases are to



ENGAGED TO MRS. ARTHUR CROSS: LORD HAWKE, THE FAMOUS CRICKETER.

An engagement has been announced between Lord Hawke, who has won much fame as a cricketer and has captained tours in Australia, India, Ceylon, the United States, South Africa, and the West Indies, and Mrs. Arthur Cross, who is well known in Society and has done a good deal of entertaining at her house in Belgrave Square. Lord Hawke, who succeeded to the title, as seventh Baron, in 1887, was born in August 1860. Formerly, he was a Captain and Honorary Major in the 3rd Battalion, Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment).

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

be avoided, and every bureaucrat must now amend his style and achieve that simplicity and distinction to secure which Robert Louis Stevenson consumed much midnight oil.—ELLA HEPPORTH DIXON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

**Military Babies.** Writing without prejudice, yet well aware of the part they are playing in Prussian militarism's futile attempt to gain dominance over Europe, to say nothing of strengthening its position in the East—already practically lost—Miss Howard has written a very interesting book about her experiences with "The Potsdam Princes," sons of the present Kaiser, when, as their English governess, she knew them for three years—from the end of 1895. We have no space to deal with her work as a whole—it must be read right through. One phase must content us—the training, well-nigh from babyhood, for service in the field or at sea.

## Nursery Militarism.

This about the Princes in general: "Almost as soon as they could toddle uniforms were made for them, and at the age the ordinary baby learns to wave its hand and lisp 'Ta-ta' they were taught the stiffest and smartest of military salutes. Their first, and practically their only, toys were tin soldiers, cannons, forts—anything and everything calculated to develop martial ardour. Of these toys they never tired, their interest being stimulated by their various governors, who used to spend much time in distinctly uncomfortable and undignified attitudes giving the benefit of their expert military advice. One of them informed me with much solemnity that the old Emperor William I. was a great believer in tin soldiers for the education of boys. This remark struck me as humorous, and I had some ado to keep a straight face, until he explained that it was on account of the exercise of imagination in making battle-plans, and the self-control and patience demanded by the constant toppling over of the tiny toy soldiers. I felt inclined to ask him if that was the reason why they were not made sufficiently firmly to stand up properly. . . . The governors' sole object was to educate their charges for a military life. They subjected them to the severest discipline and hardships. . . ." One day "my young charges were very excited because new colours were to be given to some particular regiment. . . . Each of the Princes, and also the Princess, had to drive a nail into the staff of the flag, which they did with great enthusiasm"—hence, doubtless, the present German craze for driving nails into wooden statues!

## How Not to Look at German Royalty.

Then to etiquette—in general—as practised at the Prussian Court. It was—and is—peculiarly, comically strict. Miss Howard, not having recognised the Kaiser one day, was commanded to carry lorgnettes on all State occasions. "This was a great concession, as it was contrary to etiquette to look at Royalty through any kind of glasses." Again: "I have mentioned previously my being commanded to wear lorgnettes on State occasions . . . and the Kaiserin also allowed me to look at her through glass; but she could not give me power to do so to all those Princes and Princesses—there would have had to be a public declaration each time"! More: "One had always to wear a brooch at luncheon, and a pendant or necklace at dinner, if Royalty were present at the meal."

## The Kaiser: Chestnut-Buyer.

To return to the Princes: "The Princes used to add to their meagre pocket-money by gathering and storing chestnuts, which they sold to their august father as food for his deer at the price of twenty marks per sack. During the autumn months nearly everyone in the Court used to help to add to their collection, throwing them, as they found them, into a sort of little red parcel-post cart drawn by Prince Oscar."

"Potsdam Princes." By Ethel Howard. With Twelve Plates. (Methuen; 6s. net.)



COUNTED THE BEST MAKER OF EYE-SWABS IN HER DISTRICT: LADY FRIPP.

Lady Frupp is counted the best maker of eye-swabs in her district, with Miss Hilda Barwell, daughter of the well-known surgeon for diseases of the throat and ear, as a good second. She is the wife of Sir Alfred Frupp, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the King and to the Duke of Connaught. Before her marriage, in 1898, she was well known as Miss Margaret Scott Haywood, and she is the only daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Burt Haywood, of Reigate. She was awarded the Royal Red Cross for services in South Africa during the South African War.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



## HOW MUNITION MAKERS CURE BAD FOOT TROUBLES.

FIND NOVEL WAY TO BANISH FOR EVER  
THE CORNS, CALLOUSES, SORENESS,  
SWELLING, ACHING, ETC., CAUSED BY  
UNACUSTOMED FOOT STRAIN.

Foot misery is often the first difficulty encountered by munition workers who have to remain on their feet all day. I found, however, that all such tortures can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting the feet a few minutes in a warm foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the hardest corns so they come right out at the touch, root and all. The feet being the farthest points to which the blood must be pumped, foot troubles are usually due to defective circulation and irritation in these extremities. The hot saltrated bath will stimulate the circulation, instantly soothe and relieve any painful congestion due to shoe pressure, reduce swelling and open the clogged pores. This renders the skin active and healthy, prevents offensive perspiration odours, and banishes smarting, burning, itching or other foot afflictions for all time. It is marvellously effective for soldiers' "trench foot," chilblains, bunions and similar troubles, even including rheumatism, gout, etc. Most chemists keep the common refined Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which should prove sufficient to permanently end all foot misery at slight cost. Try this refreshing foot-bath after coming in footsore from a long walk or after being on your feet all day. You will soon feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest, boots seem like the oldest pair you have.—D.L.C.

**IMPORTANT NOTE.**—Upon enquiry we find that although supplies of the above compound are limited, reasonable quantities can still be supplied from stock, and there has yet been no advance in price. As in the case of all drugs, however, we are told that a sharp rise may be expected shortly and it is therefore advisable to obtain a supply while it is still to be had easily and at very low cost.



## SCHOOL OUTFITS

Whatever economy is effected in outer clothing during the Summer Term, every care should be taken that the underclothing be sound in quality and ample in quantity.

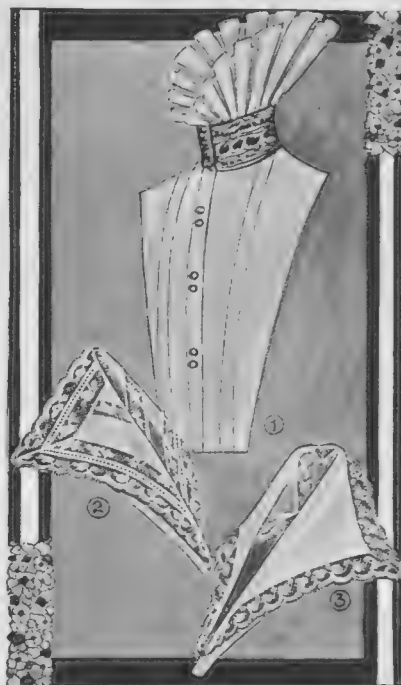
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Write to-day for detailed Price List.

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**No. 1. Smart Front**  
of plain muslin, finished  
with black moiré ribbon.  
Price - - - 4/6

**No. 2. Lace Collar**  
in exquisite Valenciennes, forming two points at the back. Pale écreu shade. Price 4/6

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edged with fine French Valenciennes lace, écreu and ivory shade. Price 2/6½

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The Gown for  
all occasions.

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"ECIRUAM" Gowns are equally charming and smart as day, evening, tea, rest or walking gowns. The ideal country house and week-end frock, particularly suited to present-day conditions.

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**DAINTY TEA FROCK,** adapted from a "Jenny" model, and made from extra heavy rich Crêpe-de-Chine, to be worn as sketched or with sash forming a wide band to be tied at back, finished with plaited Crêpe. In black, white and beautiful shades of green, wine, grey, elephant purple and dull blue.

From 6½ Guineas.

NOTE—The Crêpe-de-Chine from which this Tea Frock is made is on sale in our Silk Department at 10/9 per yard.

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**Fragrant, Non-Greasy,  
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### Pomeroy Day Cream

In dainty half-crown vases, at Chemists, Stores, &c., and from Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29 Old Bond St., London, W.



# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## The Modiste Who Knows.

When a modiste to suit is found, make a note of and never leave, because the really well-dressed woman is she whom her modiste knows. There is every evidence that Princess Arthur of Connaught is fitted with such a treasure. Her dainty, cheery-looking little Royal Highness is always in the picture. I saw her the other day

in raven's-wing blue with white fox furs and such a smart, becoming hat of blue repp-straw with just a touch of fuchsia-coloured velvet and a copper rose at the side. The Princess looked very, very attractive, and not a little *chic*!

## For the Table in War-Time.

Not to eat, but to look at! I maintain that the woman of the house is in duty bound, in these trying days, to keep everything under her jurisdiction as attractive as possible. Fresh flowers every day may be beyond her, but not a sweet little miniature rock-garden, which, with care, would last for weeks. Renewing it would not be costly, and the faded flower-ettes could spend an honourable retirement in an outdoor rock-garden. I had my eyes glued to a shop window regarding several examples of these tiny gardens the other day, especially fascinated by one in which birds were drinking at an inch-wide well, when I heard voices behind me saying: "Isn't it dinky; isn't it dearie! By gad, it's a treat." Three voices unanimous in meaning, differing only in expression!

## Quite Neat.

For the smart little girl who can afford to be well on the verge of the extreme, there are natty little jewelled clasps for the tops of their high-

## A RESTAURANT FROCK IN PALE SHADES OF YELLOW, MAUVE, AND BLUE.

A pretty frock of yellow faille, ornamented with tiny clusters of blue-and-mauve roses. The underskirt and chemisette are made of tulle, sewn with rows of pearls and bands of pale-mauve silk velvet.

legged boots. As the weather improves and skirts get lighter and swish a little more, these clasps will give quite a *cachet* to the neat-fitting top of the boot. I hear that those in topaz, with dead gold on brown cloth tops, and in amethyst on grey-topped boots, and turquoise for dark-grey, are to be *de règle*. Certainly they sound very nice!

## Ruffles.

Quite soothing are ruffles, being not only comfortable, but becoming. There will be a great recrudescence of neck-ruffles this late spring and summer; wide ostrich-feathers will be in favour for the purpose. I have seen some very handsome specimens, and like best those that terminate on the chest with a smart flower, or knot of panne. Marabout collars, wide and close up to the neck, are very smart. These look well fastened with an embroidered ornament beneath the left ear. There will also be tulle; lisse, and net ruffles, the softness and daintiness of which have always been appreciated by Queen Alexandra.

## Useful and Comfortable.

Time was when we called them sports-coats; now, they may best be described as all-purpose coats. Although practical, they have never been prettier than for this coming season. A ribbed-silk plumbago-blue, with a buckled belt at the waist, and collar and cuffs of plain silk, is dainty and delightful, and it has serviceable pockets, too! Smart enough for anything is a coat of heavy crêpe-de-Chine,

smocked widely at the back and sides of the waist, and falling in straight folds in front, with buttons. This, in French-grey, is altogether desirable.

## Not Transparent.

Fashion is far from consistent: in winter, transparent silk stockings were in vogue; now, they are voted out by the best dressers, and thicker silk and lisle-thread hosiery is to obtain for the summer. The skin is not to show through; that Dame Fashion now proclaims to be vulgar; it, undoubtedly, was never pretty. Our old friend, the clock, is to have an innings again, as a finish, and never, never, never is there to be a hiatus of transparent stocking between the boot-top and the skirt: that is quite shocking.

## For Dear Little Ears.

Hats are, to quote Samuel Weller, in another connection, "swelling visibly." Before the summer is here they will be large, and a good thing, too, for large hats are very becoming. With larger head-gear will come larger earrings, and longer, too. Looking at a pair worn by Miss Geneviève Ward, in the last act of "The Baskers," and noticing the touch of dignity they gave to her distinguished bonnet, I said to myself that pretty little ears, that listened to

flattering little tales, should have nice, long ear-rings with little jewels dangling at the end, alluring and inconsequent; that maturer ears, which had heard more of the practical side of life, should have ornate, valuable, and imposing ear-rings; and that ears, like those of the Duchess of Cheviot, which had heard most of humanities' experiences might well have ornaments imposing and dignified!

## A Bride in Blue.

Lady Victoria Forester was very quietly married—that went without saying, seeing that, although only twenty-three, she was a widow. Her dress for the ceremony, albeit it was navy-blue serge and chiffon, was a triumph. The skirt was high at the back and low in front; the bodice was of chiffon, edged with hem-stitching, and all soft folds and frills, and delicate little touches, though not one of colour. The hat of repp-straw of the same blue had roses round it at intervals, with out foliage, and the brim was broad. Superb sable collar and muff made just the right finish. In every respect a success was attained.

## Puffs and Curls.

Is the Stuart period to be recalled in hair-dressing? It seems rather to point that way. One thing is certain—that with larger hats we must have larger heads, or we shall lose the latter, which is reprehensible. Puffs and little curls and waves are inevitable. Hair-dressers are delighted, and maids are facing the new situation as cheerfully as they can, intent on following the new methods! The sleek and simple coiffure is passing quietly.



Robertson

## A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN IN NINON AND BLACK-AND-GOLD BROCADE.

The tabard bodice of this tea-gown is composed of black-and-gold brocade laced down the sides with gold cords, while the skirt is of black Ninon edged with gold fringe, over white crêpe-de-Chine. The sleeves are of Ninon, caught up at the wrists by bracelets of beaten gold set with turquoise, to which the band on the hair corresponds.



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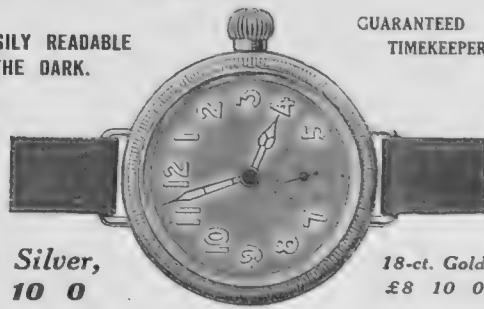
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

SPIRITS OF SORTS: SOME TALL "THIRST" STORIES: GUNS AND HUNS IN EAST AFRICA.

## Second Grade Spirit.

One peculiarity of the present position of affairs as regards the supply of petrol is that it is much easier to obtain second-grade spirit than first. Several times lately, when I have tried in vain to obtain the latter, I have had to put up with the cheaper stuff. Now I know that there are motorists not a few who declare that one grade is just as good as the other—indeed, when in the West Country last summer I found that the "A" or "No. 1" qualities were hardly ever to be found, the dealers telling me that they were never asked for by their local clients. These facts notwithstanding, I have certainly found, while using second-quality stuff of late by *force majeure*, that a distinct and palpable difference must be recorded. It may be more noticeable with one type of engine than another, but in my own case I find that the engine will not start as readily as with the better-quality petrol; secondly, it is liable to stop even after it has been set going, and one has to keep the accelerator further down until one has got out of the motor-house and fairly going on the road; and, thirdly, the engine has a more pronounced tendency to "pink," and much more attention than usual has to be paid to the ignition lever when climbing hills.

## Perpetual Motion—New Style.

Nowadays attempts to discover a device for the production of perpetual motion are as rare as the search for the elixir of life or the philosopher's stone. A member of the Armoured Car Division, however, at the front has accidentally hit upon what he facetiously claims to be a solution of the time-honoured problem. The hero of the story, according to the *Light Car*, was one Griggs, a well-known jockey. While with his unit near Ypres he had need of milk, and conceived the brain-wave of milking a goat. The idea was carried into effect, but so pleased was Griggs that he placed the hard-won milk in its tin on the step of the billet and went to report the achievement to his section officer. Meanwhile,

the goat came back and drank the milk! This, of course, is perpetual motion of a sort, inasmuch as one can keep goats and feed them on their own milk! Another milking story, it may be added, from the same source concerns a light-car-driver in the A.S.C. Being very thirsty, he took the liberty of milking a cow which he found in an open field; but, being nothing if not honest, yet unable to contribute anything by way of direct payment, he stuck a postage-stamp on the cow's horn. Yet another thirst-yarn is recounted by the *Motor Cycle*. A rider who made a journey from Johannesburg to Bloemhof nearly died on the veldt from lack of water, when badly sand-bogged and miles away from any habitation. Luckily, however, his machine carried an acetylene-lamp, and he saved his life by drinking up the water in the generator. Car-owners who have discarded the once universal acetylene-lamps in favour of electric outfits will please note that this last resort will not, in their own case, be available. On the other hand, there is the radiator, of course, to fall back upon; but the contents would be more rusty than pleasant.

## Motor-Cycle Machine-Guns.

It is good but not surprising news to learn that the motor-cycle machine-gun section under General Smuts played an important part in the work of driving the Huns from the last post of their colonial empire. The work of the machine-gunners and of the despatch-riders alike was greatly facilitated by the fact that the German engineers had

provided some fine roads—for their own use, of course—in East Africa, and little thought that they would ever come to be utilised to their own undoing. The Dunlop Rubber Company of South Africa has received a large order from the Union Government for motor-cycle covers, and recent telegrams show that the opportunity was seized by General Smuts in the middle week in March for road-repairing and other preparations for the rapid advance which has since earned Lord Kitchener's warm approval.



A GALLANT YOUNG SCION OF A FIGHTING STOCK: THE BOY CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY INSPECTING AN AEROPLANE-GUN.

The boy Crown Prince of Italy, who is in his twelfth year, is constantly among the soldiers. He has been at the front with his father the King. He trapped his father very neatly into taking him to the front on the occasion of his last birthday, in September. Prince Humbert is seen above handling an aeroplane quick-firing gun in the forefront of the body.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



NO RUBBER SHORTAGE POSSIBLE IN FRANCE: SUPPLIES OF TYRES, ETC. IN STORE AT AN ARMY RUBBER DEPÔT IN PARIS.

Whatever may be the facts as to the extent of the shortage of rubber in Germany, there is fortunately no possibility of such a situation arising in France. We see here the interior of an Army rubber depôt in Paris, with the stock-in-hand (at the moment of photographing) piled in stacks and ranged on tiers. As fast as the demands from the front are met, fresh supplies come pouring in, arriving daily in huge consignments.—[Official French War Office Photograph; supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.]



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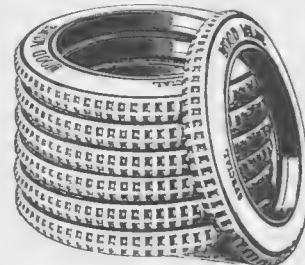
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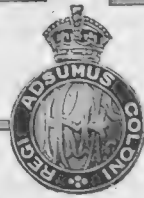
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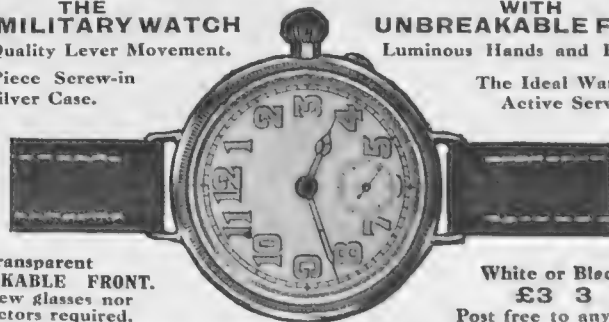
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE reception of "The Girl From Upstairs" was not wholly favourable, but certainly the "ayes" had it. There was a fair amount of laughter during the piece, most of which came from the antics of the real dog, and such elementary matters as the torn costume of Lewis Sydney as a bride, and the knocking-down of the marriage-registers; but laughter coming from such matters does not, as a rule, help a play much. The author, Mr. Stanley Cooke, has hurt his work by introducing too many different ingredients in connection with a theme that belongs to comedy rather than farce: for the popular stage idea of a marriage between two young people who do not intend to go further than the ceremony, but in the end convert it into a real union, whilst a good basis for sincere love-scenes, does not lend itself pleasantly to merely comic treatment. Moreover, there is a certain lack of discretion in the affair: the last act of a farce ought to be short and sharp; but in "The Girl From Upstairs" it was of enormous length on the first night, and padded-out with comic matter, obviously irrelevant, and introduced as being funny in itself, not because it assisted in the action. In plays of intrigue, what does not help, hinders, except possibly in the first act. Towards the close of the evening funniments of the *cul-de-sac* order are dangerous. And I wonder why, in a piece supposed to pass in Paris, there is next to no effort



A FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER RECENTLY "FILMED" FOR A RECORD FEE: MME. PAVLOVA.

Mme. Pavlova is said to have received a record fee for appearing in a new film-play, "The Dumb Girl of Portici." It was arranged to produce it at the Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland Street.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]

at giving a French flavour in costume, make-up, and manner. A Bath-bun is not more positively English than Mr. Reginald Owen, who acted with a great deal of energy as a much-perplexed hero. Miss Margot Kelly, in the part of the girl from upstairs, pleased the house, but someone ought to warn her to address herself less directly to the audience, and to speak more distinctly. Mr. Lewis Sydney worked very hard as the man-servant; unfortunately, he has nothing amusing to say or do. How deeply I wished that he would step forward, interrupt the play, and tell us some funny stories. Even the skill of Mr. Michael Sherbrooke did not make him very entertaining as one of the most foolish *uncles d'Amérique* that ever appeared in farce. Miss Tittell-Brune played with some vivacity as a quite incomprehensible married woman. Mr. Frederick Ross made strenuous efforts to seem French. The periscope—a new engine in farce, I fancy—was not used smartly enough to produce a truly comic effect.

It would be curious, if it were not so very human, that in these dark days there should be a public for amusements of the lightest and brightest type. It is good that London is full of light in its theatres. The bow of Achilles was not always strung, and our warriors on short leave are wise to try and forget the war in the life and colour, the lilting music and butterfly dresses which our revues, in particular, offer them.

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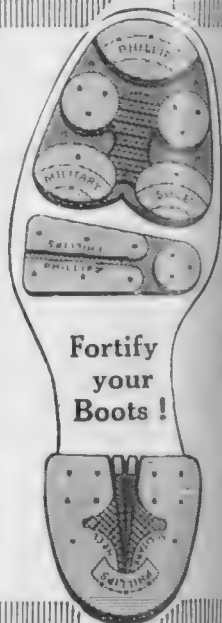
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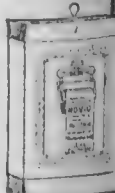


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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "The Iron Age."

By F. BRETT YOUNG.  
(Martin Secker)

"The Iron Age" is well named, for though the story is duly provided with a hero and heroine, in the conventional sense, the real protagonist is the age in which we live. The scene is laid in a great ironworks in the Black Country. It is in the fortunes of the Mawne Works as affected by the war, and in the fortunes of humanity in general as affected by the state of society of which Mawne is the symbol and type, that the reader in the end is left most concerned. But the human characters are not without interest. There is, first of all, Walter Willis, the ironmaster, for whom the success of Mawne is the sole object in life. Then there is Edward Willis, his son by his dead first wife, a man with the instincts of Oxford, deprived of an Oxford career, and condemned to let the iron of Mawne enter into his soul—a man who had reached thirty-odd without ever having been young. He finds the romance which life had hitherto denied him in the fascinating but selfish wife of Stafford, the engineer. Their *liaison* and its *dénouement* provide the dramatic element; but, after all, it is Mawne that matters. In spite of apparent prosperity, Mawne and its chief proprietor find themselves on the verge of ruin. Then comes the war, and the huge demand for armaments. Edward, baulked in his guilty love, finds in enlistment the solution of his personal problem. But the old man, his father, fronts the future with new hope, and we leave him drinking an exultant glass of champagne as the great "bull" of Mawne announces the day of Armageddon. "We've declared war on Germany," he says to his wife; "you may thank God for that. . . ." "Standing there in his dressing-gown, he sipped his wine and was intensely thankful. Over the

cornfields of that dim country above the Holloway the summer night slept. Already in Belgium, amid other trampled corn, men who had little to gain lay screaming with their entrails in the dust." That is the end.

## "Audrey."

By MARY JOHNSTON.  
(Constable.)

When we talk of the eighteenth century over here, we generally think of people like Pope and Cowper, of crinolines and curtsies and powdered wigs. We are sometimes apt to forget that the New World had its eighteenth century too. "Audrey" takes us back to a time before the United States and Canada existed, politically speaking; before the days of the Boston Tea Party; before Wolfe had stormed Quebec; to the days of isolated settlers and pioneers, dwelling in remote valleys, who were liable at any moment to be murdered by Red Indians. Audrey herself emerges at the beginning from such a massacre, the sole survivor of a colonist's family. Much of the later action passes at Jamestown and Williamsburgh. The story tells how Audrey as a child was rescued by a rich young English landowner in Virginia, and was placed with a rascally and bibulous parson and his wife; how her rescuer returned after a ten years' absence in England to fall in love with the caged dryad, and out of love with his previous fiancée; how a jealous half-breed finally brought tragedy into their lives. Such are the main incidents of the plot. The dialogue and the dresses are strictly suited to the period. People talk in elaborate and stilted sentences even when quarrelling and making love. There is not much humour in the book, but it has other qualities which have won the writer her reputation—dramatic power, strong characterisation, and a fine feeling for local colour. The present edition, in the Westminster Library of Fiction, is the latest of several since the book first appeared in 1902, and should gain it many new readers.



A FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER'S WIFE INTERNED AT VIENNA: MME. NIJINSKY AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

M. Nijinsky, with his wife and little daughter, Kyra, were interned at Vienna, but Nijinsky himself was released and allowed to go to America, chiefly through the good offices of American music-lovers. Mme. Nijinsky and her child remained prisoners. Our photograph was taken in the internment camp.—[Photograph by Topical.]

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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

## FICTION.

The Shop Girl. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. (Methuen.)  
The Right to Love. Robert Halifax. 6s. (Methuen.)  
The Red Cross Barge. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith Elder.)  
Love's Highway. Justus Miles Forman. 6s. (Cassell.)  
Mrs. Balfame. Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)  
The Impossible Mrs. Bellew. David Lisle. 6s. (Nash.)  
The House of War. Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Nash.)  
Peter of Potopah. Lee Holt. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Carry On! By "Taffrail." 1s. net (Pearson.)  
The Spy Hunter. William Le Queux. 1s. net. (Pearson.)  
Because of Misella. A. W. Marchmont. 6s. (Cassell.)

## FICTION (Continued)—

The Yeoman Adventurer. George W. Gough. 6s. (Methuen.)  
Do the Dead Know? Annesley Kenealy. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
Paper Roses. Ruby M. Ayres. 2s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Tommy. Joseph Hocking. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Interior. Lindsay Russell. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Degenerate Germany. Henry de Halsalle. 2s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)  
Women's War Work. Edited by Lady Randolph Churchill. 2s. 6d. net.  
With the Guns. By F. O. O. 3s. 6d. net. (Nash.)  
The Tyranny of Shams. Joseph McCabe. 5s. net. (Nash.)  
The Pearl of Princesses. H. Noel Williams. 13s. net. (Nash.)

## TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Ninety-Three (Jan. 5 to March 29 1916) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



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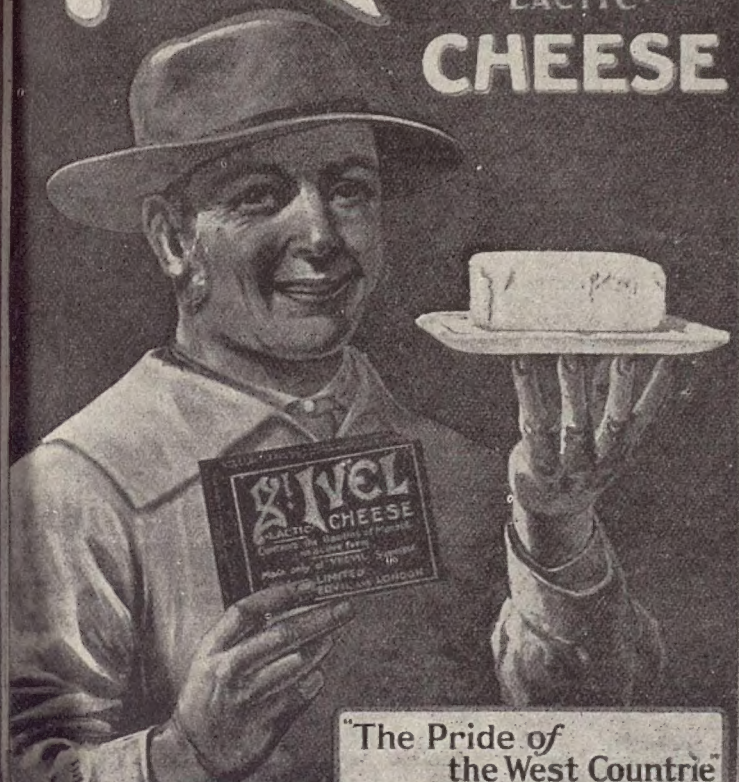
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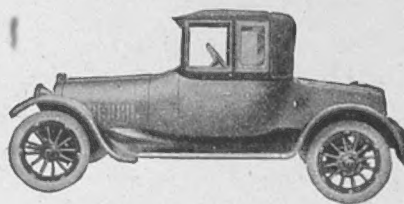
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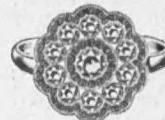
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